

PS
3537
[67385
1917

THE SKY

AND OTHER POEMS





Class PS3587

Book I673 S5

Copyright N^o 1917

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT

Simonds, Mrs. Mary Ellet (Sanger)

THE SKY
AND OTHER POEMS

BY
MARY SANGER



The Knickerbocker Press
NEW YORK

1917

PS 3537
.I673 S5
1917



Copyright 1917 by
M. E. Sanger.

APR 14 1917

© Cl. A 460325

710.1.

Dedicated
TO
MY BROTHER
HENRY LAWRENCE SANGER

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE SKY	1
THE TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE	3
THE CHILD AND THE DOVE	5
THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA	7
WESTMINSTER ABBEY	9
KENILWORTH CASTLE IN FOUR SEASONS	11
THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM	13
THE CHRISTMAS BELLS	14
THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS	15
SILENT AND BRIGHT	17
A THOUGHT	18
NIAGARA RAPIDS	19
WE HAVE SEEN AND WE HAVE HEARD	20
THE CHRISTMAS ANGELS	22
A CALL TO ARMS	23
LIFE	24

The Sky, and Other Poems

THE SKY

The earth has beauties that please the soul,
Flower and fern and tree,
And there's power and glorious melody
In the waves of the open sea
That flash in the glance of the brilliant sun
Or foam on the beach so high;
But what in its beauty can ever excel
The fathomless, free blue sky?

Though now and again it is hidden by clouds,
The sky is perpetually blue;
And the sun-rise colors that blend in the east
Forever and ever are new.
What artist could paint them as they are,
Or a white cloud sailing by?
God knows for perfection such as this
We must look up into the sky.

What beauties and wonders the sky reveals—
Summer, fall, winter, and spring;
What glory of blue, what radiance of white
Like the tip of an angel's wing.

The Sky

And oh for a heart to fully see
The good in things noble and high!
To understand and appreciate——
Then look up, my soul, to the sky!

June, 1914.

THE TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE

Facing the water the temple of Neptune
Swept by the breezes that blow from the sea,
Stands in the solitude as in the days of old,
Under the same sky, majestic and free.

And through the tall columns are vistas of mountains,
Touched by the clouds that are drifting along;
While up overhead through the roofless entablature
Is seen the blue sky, as is heard the bird's song.

Where is the splendor and where the magnificence
This temple was symbol of when it held sway?
With the passing of years and departing of centuries
Its old one-time glory has vanished away.

But still there's a glory that haunts and pervades it,
Though bare and deserted and ruined it stands,
And time but enhances and adds to its beauty,
And colors its stones like the yellow sea sands.

4 The Temple of Neptune

And so through the day it is lighted by sunshine,
Or beaten by rain from a lowering sky,
Or paled by the rays of the moon and the star-
light
As night follows day and the years still go by.

But part of the charm of this ancient Greek
temple
As it stands in the solitude facing the west,
Is the beauty and charm of its quiet simplicity,
For the things that are simplest often are best.

February, 1914.

THE CHILD AND THE DOVE

A little child bereft of its pet dove
Which it had tended with a joyful love,
Sat in the meadow near the lost pet's home,
Sobbing its heart out.
But suddenly, lifting its little face
From whence the tears streamed,
Gazed into a sky of light and grace,
Heavenly blue where sun-lit clouds gleamed,
And that child's spirit, troubled and amazed
By its late sorrow,
Was soothed and comforted by its upward
glance;
Subtly it felt the advent of a bright to-morrow
Was more than possibility or chance,
And in the vision of the sky that day,
Hopeful again, the sobbing ceased
And the refreshing wind soon blew the tears
away.

And children who have grown up with years,
Children no more, and yet but children grown,
In whose hearts that once beat high in youth
Bright dreams have faded; where are now fears,

6 The Child and the Dove

Or sorrow, doubts, or great distress,
Deep disappointments or bitter dreariness
In their hearts too, hope will spring up anew
If they but look up to the realms whence light
 descends,
And in the radiance of the heavenly blue
Gain there the faith that Heaven lends
To those who seek;
And at the last will come the day
When their tears too shall all be wiped away.

May, 1913.

THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA

The mermaids live down in the sea,
In a palace of crystal and light;
No place in the ocean could be
More fairy-like, dazzling, and bright.
They swim and they dive and they float,
They rise on the surge of the foam.
They don't know the need of a boat,
For the depths of the sea is their home.

The waves are a wonderful blue
And are often deliciously calm;
The water-world ever is new,
The sea life has always a charm;
And those who would wish to behold
The mermaids far down in their play
In their palace of shimmering gold,
Must plunge in the bubbling spray.

For only the fearless and brave
Who care not how far they dive down,
Who exult in the flash of the wave,
And have not a fear they will drown,

8 The Depths of the Sea

Can get to the sea palace fair,
Where rainbows shine over the lea,
And the mermaids play soft music there—
Deep down in the depths of the sea.

September, 1913.

*Written while on the ocean on the way from New
York to Naples.*

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Westminster Abbey! Gothic vaulted shrine,
Glory of England from Saxon times to ours,
The piers and arches rise in lofty line,
And higher still the two great western towers.

Edward the Confessor reared thee knowing not
That in that consecrated work his name
Was written with his monument on that spot
For time immortal unto fame.

There in the chamber called Jerusalem,
The soul of Henry was at last set free
From things pertaining to an earthly diadem,
Fulfilling thus the prophecy.

There have been many coronation scenes;
While rolled the organ's harmony sublime,
Rested the carven tombs of kings and queens
Still, in the solemn silences of time.

And others too, to whom the nation gave
In honor as their final resting-place,
A portion of the Abbey for their grave,
A parting tribute and a lasting grace.

Missionary and soldier—the name upon each
tomb—

Statesman, explorer, musician, poet too;
Deepens the darkness of the nights' descending
gloom
And fades the honored list of fame from view.

But not from memory, for truly there
The good deeds and the great must ever live
To help this very present time its share
Of faithful, upright following to give.

That right may triumph over every foe
And truth be the foundation of the land;
Then not in vain the century long ago,
When Edward caused this Abbey here to
stand.

So may it stand still pointing to the skies,
Here sound the organ and the choir sing,
And earnest prayers from many hearts arise
To Heaven above, to the Almighty King.

June, 1914.

KENILWORTH CASTLE IN FOUR SEASONS

The summer rain is weeping,—
Falling softly on the ivy,
And the birds have ceased their singing
From the ivy-covered walls;
Past memories are sleeping,
Unawakened silence keeping,
While the mournful wind is sweeping,
Round these old deserted halls.

The autumn wind is blowing,—
Whistling through the stairs and doorways,
And the dry, dead leaves are circling
Through the empty courts below;
While the wind is slowly sighing
With a sadness past replying,
And above gray clouds are flying
That give promise of the snow.

The winter snow is shining
On the old and broken mullions,
And the glory of the moon on all is shed;
And the moonlight calmly lightens
All the scene it softly whitens,
Till the ghostly castle brightens
With the lustre that is shed.

The early day is dawning
With the light and air of springtime,
That speaks of joy and banishes past gloom;
Birds' songs float from the towers,
While the sweet and dainty flowers
Now make glad the sunbright hours
With the fragrance of their bloom.

September, 1914.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

The world was in darkness
Till the bright and guiding Star appeared.
The shepherds and wise men saw it
Heralded by the angels.
Why is there now not peace on earth
Since long ago the message of
Peace and good will was given?
It is because men in their selfishness,
Dig in the earth for treasures
That they seek but cannot find,
Rather than see the Morning Star,
Live up to it, and be ennobled.
Oh, may grace to us be given
To see the Star!
And walk ever in that Light
Until we come to perfect joy
And everlasting peace.

October 8, 1914.

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS

The church bells are ringing and singing and
flinging
Glad tidings of Christmas most joyous and
fair,
And the tones that are sounding and sweetly
resounding,
Are pealing and echoing out on the air
Where ever so ever the news is repeated,
The glorious message those bright bells are
voicing—
By old and by young it is welcomed and greeted;
So ring out ye bells then; Rejoicing! Rejoicing!

Ring into the city and still its harsh clatter,
Ring over the country with peace and good-
will,
And ring in the South till the mountaineers hear
you,
That Christmas a place in their lives may fill.
Then away, happy bells, to the snow-covered
Northland,
And all through the world may the glad tidings
bring
The power and hope of the marvelous message
That is heard once again as the Christmas bells
ring.

1913.

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS

The amphitheater's ready; cleared are the long
passages of vaulted Roman brick;
The walls of the dungeons, gloomy, dark, and
thick hold the day's victims.
Under the amphitheater's oval space
Uneasy stride the lions and the tigers—
Fierce with fury and the rage
Of long imprisonment in their hard walled cage.
The seats above are filling now with people un-
concerned or gay, who, coming,
Turn to the Corinthian columns marking the
Imperial box,
For Nero comes to-day.

But lo! what song is that upon the air?
The Christian martyrs singing on their way to
death and victory!
The hoarse jeers of the crowd,
The sight of flame,
The roaring of the beasts affect them not.
Their thoughts are not on earth,
But on Eternity,
And the dear Lord who died that all might live.
To Him they serve their lives and souls in trust
they give;

16 The Christian Martyrs

And as they die, with their last breath they cry,
Seeing before their closing eyes
The vision of the Cross divine and true:
"Forgive them, Lord; they know not what they
do."

Oh, faith celestial, in the life to come,
Descend to us in glory and in power
As unto those who died for Jesus' sake!
Our thoughts and hearts, our lives and spirits
take;
Our best is poor,
Yet we are sure,
As with the saints who died of old,
Our efforts will be blessed a hundred fold.

October, 1913.

*Written about ruined amphitheater of Nero at
Pozzuoli, near Naples.*

Printed in *The Triangle*, Brooklyn Heights
Seminary.

SILENT AND BRIGHT

Far away over the sea
The moonlight is shining clear.
Softly borne on the air to me
The breath of the breeze I hear.
Oh mighty ocean, stay silent and calm,
Shielding the ship of my dreams from harm,
Lull it to sleep by thy quiet and charm—
And bring it soon safe to me.

Wondrous moon, high in the air,
Lighten the way with thy rays,
While the wind, cool and fair,
Over the water plays;
Silver the sea with thy beauty to-night,
Tenderly linger and make the way bright,
Guide my beloved one home by thy light—
Over the distant sea.

Winter, 1913.

Printed in *The Triangle, Brooklyn Heights
Seminary.*

A THOUGHT

THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD

Help me remember, Lord, that Thou art always
with me.

That which I do, I do it in Thy sight;
Whate'er I think that thought is known to Thee.
Mould Thou my thoughts that they may worthy
be,

Guide Thou my deeds that I may do aright.

1913.

NIAGARA RAPIDS

Roaring over the rocks,
Rushing and tumbling far,
The water sends out a crystal spray,
Ever continuous night and day,
Where the restless rapids are.

A dove sailing high in the air
Against the cliff is seen;
White as the lightest mountain snow,
White as the whirling stream below,
It takes its course serene.

There's a blue sky overhead,
And trees on the river's brink there
Where the sun and the sparkling water send
A shimmering rainbow to color and blend
Fairyland into the air.

Summer, 1913.

WE HAVE SEEN AND WE HAVE HEARD

I

Our eyes have looked on things most beautiful:
The blooming flowers in the meadow lands
Enriching all the world with purity,
For Spring has come and they its surety,
And they are gifts to us not made with hands.

And we have seen the glory of the sea—
The rich blue waves in sunlight glistening,
Ever murmuring to our ears listening,
In sparkling sapphire shades with melody.

Our eyes have watched the sky's deep majesty
Ineffable, ethereal, far above,
Whose ever-changing sunset hues we love,
Envyng the birds that fly up in felicity.

And we have seen the sun rise on the peak
Of a white snow-capped mountain far away,
And pink and gold reflections on the bay;
But words its depth of glory cannot speak.

Beautiful little children we have seen,
With radiant eyes and shining golden hair,—
A look of Heaven about them; and so fair
They are, so peaceful and serene.

We Have Seen and Have Heard 21

Our ears have heard music most beautiful:
The sweet birds singing in the fields of Spring
By brooks, or wild flowers, and the trees
Whose leaves move faintly in the softened breeze,
And make the woodland echo with the song they
sing.

2

And we have other kinds of music too,
The harp, piano or the violin,—
Melodious strains, that touch our hearts and win
Our love, and make our hearts to sing anew.

There is the music of the human voice,
Of those we love in speaking or in song,
Whose tone the memory holds for years along,
And hearing makes the soul rejoice.

Our eyes have looked on things most beautiful,
Our ears have heard music most wonderful;
But eye or ear has never had unfurled
Nor has it entered in the heart of man
What things God has prepared in His great plan
For those that love Him, for the future world.

April, 1915.

THE CHRISTMAS ANGELS

A message from Heaven to earth has been sent,
The glorious Angels appear in the sky;—
The chords of their harps with their voices are
blent

In an anthem of praise to the great King on
high.

Oh, heavenly vision of angels most bright!
Proclaiming the birthday of Him we adore
Shine into our hearts with thy mystical light,
And help us to serve and to follow Him more!

Ah, little Lord Jesus in poverty born!
Why seek we for splendor and riches on earth?
That vanish away in the light of the morn,
Forgetting the things of more infinite worth.

Thy gifts of the Spirit forever endure;
Make us worthy to take what Thou freely
wouldst give,
Which lacking, the richest on earth is but poor,
And having, the poorest in gladness shall live.

November, 1913.

A CALL TO ARMS

Christians awake! the hour is at hand!

Arise from sleep and answer to the call,
Praying with heart and soul to understand
God is our all.

Where is our faith, telling of things to come?

Do we not trust the truth the prophets told,
And Christ the Saviour, our Eternal Home;
Why are we cold?

Where is our hope—hope that shall never die?

For hope shall buoy the soul in time of need,
And help us in our last extremity
Hold fast our creed.

Where is our charity, greatest of the three?

Have we forgot its value and its power?
There must be more and truer charity;
This is the hour.

Where is our honest love for God and man?

Raising us ever higher from the sod,
Helping us daily do the best we can—
So help us, God.

August, 1915.

Reprinted by permission of *The Living Church*.

LIFE

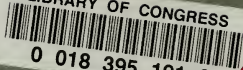
To meet and part,—
To meet and part
While time is fleeting;
Until the final parting
Which we call Death,
Which is the means
To the Eternal Meeting.

To wake and sleep,—
To wake and sleep
While this globe its turns is making;
Until the final sleeping
Which we term Death,
Which is no other than
The Great Awakening.

To hope, and pray,
And work, and win, and watch,
Though our faith be dim;
Ready for that last parting
And that final meeting;
Believing this, that all the way,
God leads us on to Him.

Spring, 1916.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 395 191 9

